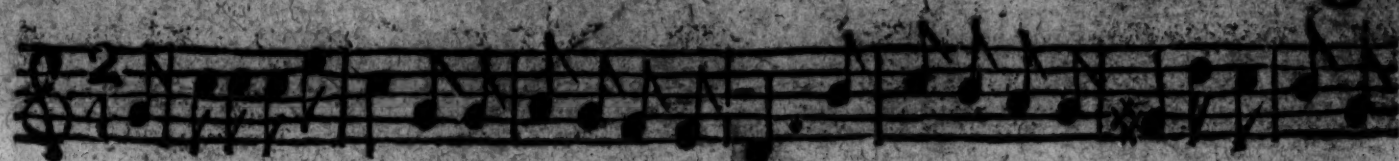


The Pedigree of a Fidler, &c.

No. 13.



I am a merry Fidler, I Fiddle up and down, I Fiddle in the Country, And Fiddle



in the Town: And if you'd know my Pe-di-gree, From Fiddling I came, My Father was a



Fidler, My Granfather the same: For in the Days of Old, They fiddled with their Dames, and

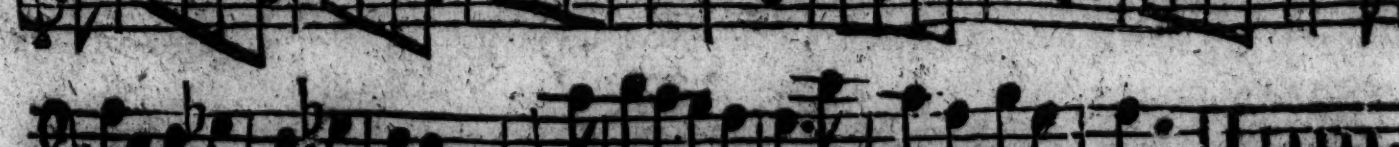


no-thing got I'm told, But Fid-lers for their Pains.

They fiddled not for Gold,
But to improve their Arts;
At last they grew too Old,
And cou'd not play their Parts:
Old Dad he wou'd engage
With one as bright as Day;
She cry'd out in a Rage,
You fiddle, fiddle Play:
He laugh'd to find it so,
And said I needs must own;
I'll lay aside my Bow,
And Fiddling let a lone.

But Fiddling does increase,
Our Daughters learn to play;
And they wou'd never cease,
But Fiddle Night and Day:
The Fiddle-Sticks they use
Are fine Sonata Bows;
The longest sort they chuse,
They're sweetest at a Close:
Da Capo they wou'd have,
For 'tis the Damsels Boon,
To play it strong and brave,
And stop it well in Tune.

For the FLUTE.



FOR the future, all the Songs printed by J. Clier in Bow Church-yard, will be set to Musick; and as he hath invented a neat and quick Way of doing the same in the Letter-Press, (for the Encouragement of Musick) Songs will be now sold by him at a much cheaper Rate than usual; and he will publish monthly four new Sorts. NOTE, Masters of Musick, and Scholars, may be furnish'd with greater Choice of Rul'd Paper, and Rul'd Books, than at any other Place, and much cheaper; the said J. Clier having found out a far more expeditious Way of doing the same.